

My dear father, I have deplored  
in the midst of a  
large party, trusted  
I add to their  
misgivings I remain  
a wanderer on waves  
expecting of it.  
perhaps I shall  
among the elements  
of this cloven  
have been staying  
up if deepened  
section be air.  
ing and drink, blushing  
that this may be  
always be present  
I remain ever  
your friend  
May 1857.

it has failed with us, & to ask how it has been with  
you? My Father returned on Tuesday night  
having spent Monday afternoon <sup>with</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>with</sup>  
Tuesday in London. He spent part of the  
first day with Mr Grant & part with Mr G.  
Thompson, & was with the former again on  
Tuesday, & considers that he has by these  
visits materially advanced the education  
of his pupil. He has determined however not  
to be high minded, or build too much on  
his fancied success, lest the said pupil should  
be caught tripping again; remembering how  
such misfortunes will happen even under  
the best instructors, - instancing <sup>that</sup> "even Miss  
Weston has failed". Nothing particular  
attended his two hours with Mr Thompson,  
except the ordinary amount of interesting  
conversation respecting "the Cause". My  
feelings were tried by ascertaining that in  
their discussion respecting the condition &  
prospects of the Broad Street Soc<sup>y</sup> they took  
no account of a grand design on which  
I have been harping for "telling the world  
what we think of them" by means of eight  
column charges to be put forth & circulated



by our Committee as our grounds for separation from it; which bill of indictment I had sent to Mr. T. a fortnight ago begging him to revise & return<sup>it</sup> with any emendation which he, as was to be presumed, not noticing I enjoined my Father to procure if he could by any means get sight of Mr. T. It shows what weight these sages attach to my vast schemes, but nothing daunted I am persevering, stimulated to the highest pitch of obstinacy by their contempt; <sup>and</sup> finding, not for the first time, my solace & strength in Mr. Webb, who never deserts me. It is a slight revenge on my Father, who, humbled by my scolding, wrote to Mr. T. the day after his return, that his application is a utter disregard as crime; he now declares "he will write to Paris & get them" to make the inquiries of Mr. T., & transcribe us his answers, as he will only write to people of the name of Weston." [He probably forgot that you were within reach, so it might have been effected more expeditiously.] He made a calculation of the time it would take to get the information thro' his friend, which result in his abandoning

<sup>this that Channel.</sup>  
~~that~~ hope of assistance. He told you I suppose  
that he had been writing to his friend. So did  
in the Box just despatched to Boston, but  
the news will be remarkably stale. ~~that~~ by the  
time it reaches its destination I did not  
expect to much. You shall have one of the  
notices of the Collection & it will gratify you  
to learn that A. Thomas estimates the  
selling value of the whole at nearly £150.  
It was a shame for my Father to tease you  
about your appearance in the M. A. quarter  
<sup>and</sup> all in consequence of Mr Grant's inserting  
unmasked the accompanying inoffensive  
Resolution, with the appropriate introduction  
"never was an expression of confidence &  
esteem better deserved." It was to have  
been sent to you officially by Miss Tribe  
but as she has just lost the Uncle to whom  
she was much attached & respecting whom  
she has been feeling great anxiety of late, it  
probable that it may never have reached you.  
Don't be afraid of our doing anything to the  
"Miss Emma Weston" before the English put  
as an Imagary or a lecturer, <sup>or anything else</sup> because I am  
<sup>simply</sup> doing my best to associate the names of  
"Weston" & "American A. Society" indissolubly  
with the idea of Antislavery; especially in



the minds of these unsuspecting people who  
until within the last few months deemed  
it embodied in the words "Jos. Sturge, J<sup>r</sup>. Scoble,  
L. Tappan, & Miss Ball," (the last, however,  
being reported dead till resuscitated by Ellen  
Craft.) We are keeping the Quakers in a dread  
ferment, I believe they all wish us, & the like  
of us (disturbers of the peace of their Zion)  
at the bottom of the sea! But I mean to pursue  
the chase, I feel at the present time a special  
"mission" to wage an exterminating warfare  
with New Organization, & such is my con-  
fidence in the goodness of my cause that  
I should be quite sanguine of paralyzing,  
if not killing, the monster in the course  
of a few months, if I had <sup>only</sup> Miss Tribe or a  
single companion in the fight. One pair  
of additional hands, especially if guided  
by a clear head & a warm heart, placed  
at my disposal would counter me,  
& at this crisis might effect wonders for  
the cause. I can't think how those sisters  
of yours could be so cruel as to desert us  
in our extremity! & it appears to me, that  
as you get so many compliments for

the "sacrifices" in which you were a somewhat involuntary participant you could not more appropriately prize than they were deserved than by earning the title of relinquishing the attractions of Paris <sup>and</sup> for the sake of coming <sup>back here</sup> to take part in our work! I hope you will properly ponder over this new view of duty here suggested; one which I fear, however, comes from too interested a source to command the respect which its merits, <sup>which it</sup> ought to have received if presented from any other quarter. As it speaks for itself, in my estimation, I am satisfied in having shifted the responsibility of obeying its dictates to you. I enclose the documents which have been put forth in reference to "the Cause" since any paper was forwarded to you. I have my heart's content in Mr Webb's second letter. There is little gossip for me to retail; for Society lets us pretty much alone. There are lectures on various scientific subjects enlightening the natives, that amusing Mr Crope the electrician is now on the field showing experiments, galvanic batteries &c. & there are microscopic soirees in honor of him, & one



of which my Father is now doing the honors  
of his Vallisneria. And then there are Mrs  
Vincent, & Mrs Balfour, & a Bloomer  
advocate successively haranguing large  
audiences, to be succeeded by Geo. Dawson,  
so we ought to be growing very wise, but  
I am not. My Aunt rarely gives any  
report of her proceedings, she has been  
with a brother at her native town <sup>Langport</sup>  
but must now I conjecture be at Bridgwater  
again. Poor Mr Armstrong is at her usual  
occupation of nursing, her eldest daughter  
being very ill with inflammation on the  
lungs. There you see is another resource  
cut off from <sup>my</sup> antislavery operations.  
I hope you put for me! When you have  
time we shall rejoice to hear how you  
are "getting along," What are your plans,  
but we are not exigent, & shall not think  
ourselves forgotten until you assure  
us of the reverse. We had an opportunity  
of lending to Paris by a lady a few days  
since, & did not neglect to scribble as  
much as <sup>the</sup> time w<sup>d</sup>. permit. We have  
had no news from that quarter of late,

except an intimation to-day from Mr  
Chapman that the party were going  
their old quarters in Place Vendôme.  
The fact came out with some embarrassment  
on his part, <sup>it</sup> being contained, he at length  
informed us, in a letter just received  
from Chapman, <sup>to</sup> complimentary in  
strain ~~that~~ towards a poem he had written  
for the Liberty Bell, that it was out of his  
power (consistently with his modesty) to  
show or allude to it! His wife you will  
grieve to hear continues "very poorly". Mr  
James has been gadding about the country  
so my repeated attempts to find him  
in his study (one even made under cover  
of darkness) have invariably failed. He  
can just command himself now sufficient  
to speak of Miss Weston, tho' preferring as a  
general rule to use the pronoun "they" or  
the periphrasis "our friends in Paris" "your  
late visitors" &c. to making free with her name.  
Time is exhausted dear Emma & my notes  
must be checked. It has often struck up-  
on my mind with a sort of compunction that  
my antisocial tendencies operated some-  
what to the ripening of individual friendships  
during your sojourn under our roof  
tho' I had made no advances in intimacy  
with you ~~once on separating~~ from the morning  
you entered the door. I fear I was made to live in